

THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW

Will the News That's Fit to Print.

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THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW.

READ THE REVIEW WHILE ON YOUR VACATION.

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FRANK HENEY WILL HAVE POOR CHANCE.

The returns of the primary election for the city and county of San Francisco in California indicate that Mr. Francis J. Heney, well known in Arizona, will continue to be prominent in the news dispatches of the day, not only personally but officially, for at least a couple of months to come yet.

Under certain other circumstances there would be reason to predict that his prominence would continue much longer; and it is true, it may any way. But the great thing that stands in the way of making the latter prediction, or the prediction in its latter form, is Mr. Heney's own selfishness. Mr. Heney, in fact, is the greatest obstacle in the way of Mr. Heney's more perfect and generally acclaimed success. When he first came forth to the land of more people from the comparatively undeveloped riches of nature in Arizona, those in the former part of the world who were not definitely tied up to the proposition of "get all you can and never mind who suffers" were ready with acclaim for him as the political hero who was to save the princess of the common people. By and by they found to their dismay and chagrin that he had feet of clay, like other more common people; they also thought they saw that he had an ambition as great as Julius Caesar's and far less tactful; that in the land of magnificent riches he had developed an imagination which showed him a straight road to the United States Senate from California, no matter over what heads he had to walk to get there, and a character, as shown in some of Lincoln Steffens' stories of his exploits in Arizona that failed, too careless in its mastery of details, in its real devotion to the cause at stake, to enable him to always retain what he had gained, and that is a bad quality in the eyes of the people. He went at things with a vindictiveness and bombast which many people thought quite unnecessary. In fact, of late the prosecution has become persecution to them.

It is these perceptions on the part of the people that make it so hard to secure a jury for the second Calhoun trial, and that will probably make a conviction by Heney, or while Heney is any part of the prosecution, impossible; though there is no reasonable doubt that could Heney be removed from a connection with the prosecution and the people became satisfied of that fact, District Attorney Langdon could prosecute him to a successful issue; for there is no general doubt that Calhoun is guilty. The people are pleased in a primary sort of way with seeing one nery man pitted against another, who if he is not as nery as they thought at first, has at least made a bluff at it. For real nerve comes from sincere fidelity to a cause, not selfishness.

Thus it happens that after several years of trial in actual work, even the people who desire a clean government are not more than half of them really enamored of him but fight with him because they cannot for the moment find any better instrument to fight with.

The program mapped out by Joe McCabe for exempting taxation by issuing bonds is evidence of the measure of shrewdness possessed by the chairman of the board as a financier. If taxation can be avoided by bond issues then there would never be any more taxation.

President Taft in endeavoring to prevent the conversion of the census into a political machine, will receive the commendation of all patriotic citizens of both parties.

In a letter to Secretary Nagle he directs that rules be formulated that will prohibit the supervisors and enumerators from active participation in partisan politics. He would forbid them from even making political



THE WAY OF LOVE

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

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speeches or serving on partisan committees. This would seem to be going a little too far, but the census force is such a tremendous power that no restriction is too severe in order to prevent its perversion to partisan ends.

Alabama was first to endorse the income tax constitutional amendments and that, too, by a unanimous vote of the legislature.

As much as it will be regretted it seems that all hope of Bisbee having the honor of a visit from President Taft is past. Col. Sturges of Tucson has received a telegram from the President saying that Tucson will not be included in his itinerary through the territory and of course that means that the president will come as far as Phoenix, via Maricopa. From Phoenix we will go through Prescott and then on to the Grand Canyon, thence to Albuquerque. While Bisbee regrets not to have the president here all will be glad to know that he has so changed the itinerary of his trip so as to include Prescott and Phoenix in his visit to the territory. A glimpse at the Salt River valley will be sufficient to show the president what has been done in the way of irrigating desert valleys in Arizona and the possibilities of the future in that direction.

STILLING WATERS WITH OIL.

Not Poured from Barrel into Ocean as Supposed, But Placed in Bags at Ship's Side.

When the captain of a wave-beaten ship pours oil upon the waters does not empty a barrel of kerosene over the side. He stretches up the rigging four cotton bags, which he fills with oil and then with oil, usually equal parts of fish oil and kerosene. The bags are then tied tightly at the tops and pricked all over with a nail needle to permit the oil to exude, and are hung from the boat davits and weather chains to drop their molting contents on the racing billows. The bags must not be allowed to get empty, but must be refilled every two hours. For six bags ten gallons of oil are used in thirty hours. Sometimes, if it is very cold, the oil congeals and will not run out through the holes fast enough, and the mouth of the bag is then loosened to let it escape in that way. Its effect is magical on a rough sea. A huge comb will rise threateningly to bury the laboring vessel under tons of water, but will strike a patch of oil no larger than a common dining table and subside in an instant into a smooth, round swell, which the ship rides like a cork.

The use of oil is also a valuable aid in wearing ship in a gale and high sea. A few gallons of paint oil over the lee quarter enables the vessel to perform the maneuver in perfect safety without taking a drop of water on board. When a boat ships so much water that it is impossible to get the oil bags slung into position without running the risk of being swept overboard, an ordinary bed sheet saturated with paint oil, tied to a rope and allowed to float, will soon calm the seas sufficiently to permit men to move about the decks safely. Paint oil is agreed to be the best use, rapeseed oil and porpoise rank next, but kerosene is not satisfactory.

The Secret of Old Age.
A novel method of attaining longevity was practiced by Mrs. Yetta Schulman, who died recently in New York at the advanced age of 103 years. Mrs. Schulman paid no particular attention to points of diet, exercise, sleep, etc., which usually figure largely in rules laid down for those growing old. She believed that the lives of aged persons could be prolonged if they associated constantly with young people, and she apparently verified her theory, for she spent the greater part of her time in company with children, even taking part in their sports with lively interest.—Leslie's Weekly.

Woman in Important Position.
Miss Edna L. Foley has just resigned her place in the Boston consumption hospital to become the head of the Chicago tuberculosis institute. She is a graduate of Smith college, class of 1901. The Chicago institute has seven dispensaries in different parts of the city and employs nine trained nurses to assist in treating the patients. Miss Foley will have the entire charge of the dispensaries and nurses.

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To be passively moral without an open confession of faith is, in the minds of some people, equivalent to being actively unreligious. Ever under the tongues of them rolls that sweet morsel: "He that is not for me must be against me." They spit it out at their victims and then draw it in again just for the pleasure of the taste of it.

John Hardaway was not a bad man. He did not steal, he did not lie—that is, not more than an honest young lawyer should—and his morals were above reproach. In spite of a certain haughty reserve of demeanor, which accorded ill with the simplicity of Dorbury, he was fairly well liked by the townspeople, and the fact that he was one of the unregenerate would hardly have penetrated their placid minds had it not been for the wonderful wave of religious enthusiasm that swept over the village that winter.

John Hardaway was not a professing Christian, although he attended church regularly on Sunday, joined in the singing (maybe that was because he held to one side of Ellen Hargot's hymn-book), and paid his dues as a young man with ambitions ought to do. But when the Free Methodist church inaugurated a protracted meeting his doom stared him in the face.

The Free Methodists were determined to convert the whole town—men, women and children—and to this end they had secured the services of the earnest and most terrible of evangelists to aid the regular pastor. This gentleman fell upon Dorbury like an avenging angel, but instead of a flaming sword he possessed a huge fist, with which he pounded the Bible into pulp, and an equally huge voice, which tremendously called sinners to repentance. Such was Rev. Abijah Center.

John Hardaway did not attend these meetings, and as nearly every one else did, and many were falling before the great religious storm, he suddenly became the target for the shots of all the zealous proselytes who were working for God's glory, and perhaps their own.

At first the attention which he excited annoyed him, and then he began to regard it with grim amusement. But when Silas Bollerider, who was known to have gone to see play-acting at a certain county fair, exhorted him that he must be snatched as a "brand from eternal burning" he laughed outright.

"If any 'brand' needs 'snatching,' Mr. Bollerider," he said, laughingly, "I certainly am that one, but being snatched so young would keep me from so many pleasures."

"That's just it," exclaimed Silas, heartily, "pleasure."

"Such as a county fair," went on the young man, impudently, "and—"

But Silas, though now he sat stretched and solemn in the "amen corner," was already fully roused.

When Silas left there was a wry pucker about the young lawyer's lips, and it wasn't exactly mirth.

Then to himself: "Nonsense," he said, "am I giving way to the influence of this insanity-afflicted atmosphere?" He shook himself, put on his hat, and went out. He believed he would go over to Ellen Hargot and tell her his joke on Silas Bollerider; she couldn't help but enjoy it, for she had humor; and common sense, too.

He found Ellen with a smile upon her face and singing about her work, but there were traces of recent tears upon her lashes. Somehow she seemed to be, and yet not to be, the person by whom his little joke would be appreciated. Her eyes were glad, but with a peculiarly serious sadness.

With some hesitation he told his story, and only got in return a serious sighing.

"Poor Mr. Bollerider,"

"Why, Ellen, surely you don't sympathize with that old hypocrite; why, he—"

"We cannot judge. He is doing all that he can do, and that is more than some of us with the light right before us can say."

"Ellen," broke in John Hardaway, "you don't mean to say that you, too, have come under the spell of this junketing mountebank's conjuring?"

"Don't say that, John. I have indeed been sitting for some nights under the outpourings of Elder Center's gospel."

"It certainly is his gospel. The Lord wouldn't own it."

"And I have thought and prayed and professed religion at home to-day."

"You!"

"Yes. Oh, John! don't look that way. I am so happy."

With a half laugh and a poor attempt at lightness he approached her. "I'm sorry, Ellen, that you take your religion so hard. I'm afraid, dear, that you will never get over it. Remember, though, that it may be catching and I am exposed."

John Hardaway had made the mistake of his life. You may with more impunity dog a woman "than make fun of her religion."

Ellen Hargot stiffened. She eluded John's outstretched hand. "I could never marry a man who could scoff at religion," she said, slipping the little gold circlet from her finger and reaching it towards him.

"Why, Ellen, Ellen," he said, "I didn't mean to scoff at you. You will not give me up in this way, will you?"

For answer she pressed the ring into his hand and turned away with sad eyes.

He stood gazing for a moment at the little gold band, the sign and symbol of their love and betrothal; its return the reminder of his love, rejected, thrown back upon him; then he cried, passionately: "Well, if this is religion, that I say—"

"John," she cried, in an awe-struck voice, and he paused, the rash words dying on his tongue.

"Take the ring, Ellen," he said, softly: "it hasn't done you any harm and can't do you any."

But she only shook her head. "Not now, John," she said.

A sudden, sullen anger seized John Hardaway, and putting the ring into his pocket he hurried to the door. Then he paused, and his voice had something of a ring of challenge in it as he said: "Ellen, I think you had better read your gospel again. I believe that you will find somewhere that the great Exemplar says: 'I come not to save the righteous, but to bring sinners to repentance.' The latter method seems to be pushing the sinners to the wall so that the good may revel in their own virtue."

But the door had closed behind him.

Nathan Foster was a genial mediator. The very generosity of his soul made everybody's business his business, and he pried into the most secret matters with so naive an innocence that he disarmed resentment.

So when he saw John Hardaway coming up from the Hargots' and looking as desolate as a prairie at dusk, he made mental note: "John's either under conviction or Ellen's give him the mitten, an' I'm a-goin' to find out which."

True to his resolution, he let but a short time pass before presenting himself at Ellen's door. The girl was full of deep and troubled thought, and she welcomed this simple old man about as a diversion and a possible helper in her dilemma.

Out of the fullness of her sorrow Ellen told the old man her joy and her grief, her pleasure and her trouble, and out of the sweetness of his old mellow life he replied: "I'm afeared you was a little hard on him, Ellen. It's mighty hard work a-drivin' sinners into the Christian fold, you got to lead 'em. I knowed an old sheep once that Sil Bollerider had, and when the rest of the flock 'd go through the bars, he'd hang around and bungle about until some one took an' led him through. Folks air like sheep in more'n one particular. Now that little ring of your'n you give him back might 'n' bin jest the little leadin' he needed to bring him in. Never push a mule; you're bound to git on the wrong side of him."

"O, Uncle Nathan," the girl cried, "I hadn't thought of it that way and I believe I was hard on him. I ought to have shown him that religion makes us tenderer."

"That's it exactly. There ain't no use bein' a Pharisee even if you are thinkin' the Lord under yore breath that you ain't like Brother or Sister So-and-so."

The old man's staple words were as a sermon to the girl, and she looked often and sadly at her bare finger before it was time for church that night.

It was a period of unusual interest at the meeting house, because the series of services were drawing to a speedy close, and many who had held aloof were hastening to make their peace before being finally shut out. And as the evangelist told them, none knew whether this chance to come into the fold would ever be offered again.

It was among this class that the local gossip put John Hardaway when he was seen that night seated in the church for the first time since the "protracted meeting" began.

"He's weakened at last," the whisper went round.

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BRANCHES AT NACO AND LOWELL, ARIZONA.

"From the books on his face, he's under conviction."

"Well, if anybody could fetch him, Brother Center should."

Meanwhile the evangelist poured the fiery coals of his eloquence upon poor John's head. It had become a personal matter with him. Above all things he wanted the conversion of this young man, as the one crowning triumph that should be the climax of his labors. He pleaded, he threatened, he cajoled, and through it all to the end John sat unmoved, impassive, and Brother Center dismissed services that night with a very un-Christian-like disgust written on his countenance.

Ellen glanced wistfully at John, but he eluded her and slipped away by himself, and the Free Methodist church saw him no more during the progress of the meeting.

It was a week after the close of the series that Ellen met John walking towards the river with head bent. It was his favorite route.

"May I walk with you?" she stopped to ask.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but I guess I am pretty poor company nowadays; even my dog won't follow me."

She said nothing until they reached the bank of the stream. Then she stopped. "John," she cried, with a catch in her voice, "I was hard and unjust to you and altogether un-Christian, and—and may I have my ring back?"

It was hard for the woman. But for the man, his hands trembled so that he could hardly take the little circlet from the pocket where it had reposed since the fateful day.

He managed to slip it on her finger, and then—well—the elms screamed from public view, and for some reason an impertinent bird overhead sang: "Sweet, sweet."

After awhile he said: "Well, if religion can bring this sort of happiness, it's worth looking into."

Be Cheerful.
Cheerfulness is a matter of birth and education. If you want to be cheerful, you can be so by learning to smile. A sluggish liver pulls down the corners of the mouth as soon as a mountain of trouble.

Oldest Known Specimen of Glass.
In the British Museum is preserved the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. It is in the shape of a lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

China's Early Paper Money.
As in many cases of interesting China the way among the nations in the use of paper currency in business. Since the fifteenth century, however, no paper money has been issued in the celestial empire, and it is due only to China's industrial and commercial growth that the government has recently appointed a commission to investigate the matter.—System.

Why?
Why is it that whenever one glances into an undertaker's shop one invariably sees some man sitting in front of a closed door, looking at his watch with his feet on the level with his head, apparently gazing into space? This seems to be the favorite attitude adopted by our undertaking brethren. "Now a little light upon the subject?"

Nature's Warning.
Weariness is not necessarily illness. It is just the cry of the body for rest. You must not work on after reaching a point of fatigue. A few days' rest will set you right, then, while the body is made to toll and the mind to work it may take a much longer time to recover. Heed the signal of alarm. Nature knows.

"Goldrums" Once Dreaded.
The word "goldrums" is a name given by sailors to that part of the ocean near the equator in which calms and light buffeting winds prevail, with hot, sultry air, local squalls, thunder and rain. In the goldrums sailing vessels beat about for weeks and they were formerly the dread of those vessels that had to cross the equator.

Wise Man's Advice.
Vigil: Trust not too much in an enchanting face.

No Task Impossible.
Horace: Nothing so difficult but what man will accomplish it.

PROBATE NOTICE.
In the Probate Court of the County of Cochise, Territory of Arizona. In the matter of the last will and testament of Lee Perry, deceased. Notice is hereby given that John H. Perry has filed herein his petition praying for the admission to probate of a document heretofore filed herein purporting to be the last will and testament of Lee Perry, deceased, and that letters of administration with the will annexed thereon be issued to him; and that Saturday, the 28th day of August, 1909, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the court room of said court, at the county house in the city of Tombstone, County of Cochise, has been appointed the time and place for proving said document and hearing said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest said document, and may file objections in writing to the granting of letters of administration with the will annexed to the said petitioner.

Dated August 11th, 1909.
J. E. JAMES,
Clerk of said Court.

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